SANYASI, OR THE ASCETIC

Sanyasi, outside the cave

THE division of days and nights is not
for me, nor that of months and years.
For me, tfre stream of time has
stopped, on whose waves dances the
world, like straws and twigs. In this
dark cave I am alone, merged in my-
self,—and the eternal night is still,
like a mountain lakeTafraid of its own
depth. Water posses, and drips from
the cracks, and in the pools float the
ancient frogs* I sit chanting the in-
cantation of nothingness. The world's
limits recede, line after line-
—Th«